

PRESERVED HIS AMERICANISM.

He Was Determined to Do as He Felted, and He Did So.

When the conductor had looked at the ticket and punched it, he stooped over and struck it in the hatband of the dignified fat man, at which the fat man became enraged.

"How dare you take such liberties with me!" he shouted. "Who told you to stick that ticket in my hat? Don't you see that I'm a man of importance and very sensitive? It's all very well to be fresh with the jays, but you haven't any right to insult me."

He took off his hat, removed the ticket and continued: "You think because you're a conductor on this road that you can get away with me like this? I'll teach you, you've got me to deal with, and I'm a taxpayer at that. You can't stick tickets in my hatband even if we are strangers, and you aren't aware of my social position."

He fumed for about an hour. Then the train passed Albany, and the conductor came around again. He took the ticket from the hand of the dignified fat man, punched it again and once more put it in his hatband absentmindedly.

"See here," the fat man roared, "didn't I tell you before not to stick that ticket there? That's a piece of gaudiness I wouldn't stand for. My own father, and he's been dead five years. I'll report you to the boss of the whole road, and if he doesn't help me I'll gamble in the stock of the company and hammer it down so that they'll beg for mercy."

After they passed Utica the conductor repeated the performance with the ticket and the hatband. This was more than the dignified fat man could put up with. He jumped to his feet, grabbed the conductor by the collar and said he'd be blamed if he'd stand it any longer.

"That's all right," replied the conductor. "But it's a rule of the company. You've either got to keep it in your hatband or in your mouth. There is no alternative. If you prefer it, you can put it in your mouth, leaving the end in full view, so that I can see it as I pass by."

"Well," said the fat man stoutly—there is nothing strange in a fat man speaking stoutly, is there?—"well, then, I prefer to keep the ticket in my mouth. Being a free American citizen, I am determined to do it. I blame please!" And he kept it in his mouth and preserved his Americanism.—New York Herald.

TAMPERING WITH MAILBAG LOCKS.

A Telltale Mechanism Which Makes Successful Theft Almost Impossible.

The locks on the mail pouches are so constructed that it is impossible to open one without its betraying the secret. There is a little dial on the lock, and every time the lock is opened the figures on the dial move up one. Suppose, for instance, that the register shows 1,147 at the point of departure, and that when the pouch is delivered at the point of destination the lock is opened, the register will then show 1,148. This increase of one is made for each trip of the pouch, and eventually the number reaches 9,999, which in an average bag requires 33 years to reach. The bag is then taken apart, and the numbers are reset. These locks were first introduced in 1881, and a mail clerk made a bold attempt to rob a bag in transit, soon after their introduction. He took a small turning lathe in the mail car with him to aid in the scheme. After unlocking the bag he rifled the contents and connected up the lathe to the lock. His idea was to twist the numbers around until they were the same as before the lock was touched. He set the lathe running and soon reached off the numbers up to 9,999, when to his consternation the register remained at that figure and refused to move any more. The lock must be taken apart before it will start No. 1 again, but he did not know this. The trick was, of course, discovered and the guilty clerk punished. Since then the locks have never been tampered with.—New York World.

Wool and Electricity.

An important fact is discussed by a writer in *The Manufacturers' Review*—viz, that wool, after it is shorn and cleansed preparatory to the carding and spinning processes, is capable of being highly charged with electricity, and that through the phenomena resulting from this characteristic are familiar to all carders the influence of this agent is oftentimes so active as to interfere materially with the working of the wool. The fact, however, that wool when thoroughly wet or well lubricated, either artificially or with its own natural grease, shows no effects from the presence of electricity, may be considered as establishing the fact that in all grades of wool the susceptibility to the influence of electricity increases in the ratio of dryness or absence of lubricating material in the fiber, or, in other words, to its freedom from the moistening effect of oil or water, while sufficient moisture properly applied will not only prevent all the evil effects of electricity in wool, but will destroy every evidence of its existence in both the pickers and cardrooms. The writer adds that by making the feed light in bulk, speeding the feed roll and doffers faster for a quick speed and quick delivery, and reducing the speed of the main cylinders, tumblers, fancies and the vibrating motions of the condenser, the effects in question are done away with.

A Chance Not to Be Lost.

"You look pale," said the sharp nosed girl.

"I feel pale," sighed the duffy girl.

"But I am happy, anyway. You know that stinky little Chollie Tapette? Well, he did open his heart enough to take me to the food show, and, of course, I sampled the samples. What are samples for? And after I had eaten this and drunk that and the other till I thought I just couldn't stand any more we started home. Then he thought he saw his chance. So he asked me to have some ice cream."

"And did you accept?" asked the sharp nosed girl.

"Accept? I ate three plates, with cake and lemonade. They had to call the doctor for me, and papa scolded, oh, awfully, but I made that little wretch spend his money, anyway."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Lake of Blood.

Every polar expedition and whaling vessel which visits the Baffin bay region puts in at Yauko bank, so as to allow explorers and seamen to visit the celebrated Lake of Blood. Of it the author of "My Summer in the North" says: "It is a lake of considerable extent, lying only a few feet above the level of the sea, and appears of a deep dark blood red. Careful examination proved, however, that the water itself was as pure and clear as possible, the red effect being due to the fact that the bottom and sides of the lake, as well as the few stones which were scattered about in it, were coated most perfectly with the red snow plant. In some places, where the water had evaporated, the withered red plants on the soil and rocks looked exactly like dried spots of blood."—St. Louis Republic.

Short Story Corner.

SISTER ROSE.

Rose de X. belonged to a poor, noble family who thought it better for her to take the veil than marry a penniless noble. She soon accommodated herself to convent life but unfortunately her unlucky star placed in her way a dashing cavalier.

This cavalier was the brother of Rose's particular friend, a nun like herself, and they first saw each other one visiting day in the reception room, with the result that the cavalier promptly fell heels over head in love.

He determined to make his passion known to the pretty nun. This was easily accomplished by means of a billet doux, a complacent gardener and a piece of gold.

On the night of Shrove Tuesday, when all the convent had retired to rest, Rose issued barefooted and on tiptoe from her cell and flew like a frightened bird to the end of the garden. She was probably not overcome by surprise to find there a gallant cavalier, who threw his mantle around her and in a trice whisked her up a ladder—and over the garden wall.

An hour later the cavalier appeared at the masked ball in progress at the Jeu de Paume, and clinging to his arm was the prettiest and tiniest domino that ever was seen.

They danced together, and everybody admired them. They were, in fact, too much admired, for a presumptuous officer wanted to dance with the pretty domino. But the cavalier failed to see the fun of it.

Facious compliments were exchanged, and two swords were flashing from their scabbards and probing for the soft spots in the respective anatomies of the rivals, while the whole ball was in an uproar.

Rose, wild with terror, flitted out of the ballroom into the dark labyrinth of the streets, like a will o' the wisp, without anybody taking any notice of her.

What was to become of her? Return home to her father? She trembled at the mere thought. He would probably kill her should she dare to show her face before him! Return to the convent? Absolutely out of the question.

While she was lamenting her terrible plight the bell of the Carmelites du Marche Neuf began to ring matins. Its clear, sonorous clang summoning the nuns to the chapel recalled the convent to her mind.

What excitement there would be at 5 o'clock, when the sisters arose and discovered her evasion!

Mrs. du Lau, the archbishop of Arles, was the kindest of men and a father to his people. Whenever he visited the convent he always advised and encouraged her. Why not go to him? He alone had the power to save her.

A few minutes later she was pulling the bell at the door of the archbishop's palace. She had to ring for a long time, for the porter was not accustomed to be called up at such an hour.

The good prelate did not make so much fuss about it. When he learned that a lady wished to see him on serious and urgent business, he had her shown up to the waiting room without more ado.

The holy man was surprised to recognize in the mysterious supplicant a nun whom he believed to be safely interned in her convent and even more so when the girl he had always regarded as a model of saintliness confessed her awful fault.

At first he had a good mind to shake her; but, seeing her in tears, he could not help pitying the poor lamb who had wandered from the fold and appealed to him, the good shepherd, to lead her back again. So, placing his hand on her head, he said: "My daughter, your fault is great. However, swear to me that you will never again listen to the counsels of the devil and that you will henceforward be the example of piety you ought to be, and I will see what can be done."

Rose promised fervently all that was required of her.

"That well," exclaimed his lordship, raising her to her feet. "Courage! Cover up your face so that no one can recognize you."

A few minutes later the last of the revelers from the masked ball at the Jeu de Paume were surprised to meet the archbishop's carriage rumbling along toward the convent.

The sister who acted as doorkeeper of the convent, awakened by the noise of the wheels as the carriage drew up at the gate, popped her head out of the window of her turret and thought she was dreaming when she beheld his grace the archbishop.

The abbess jumped out of bed and hurriedly donned her robe, putting her veil on all awry in her precipitation, and forgetting her golden crucifix.

The archbishop was waiting for her in the reception room.

"Madame," he exclaimed sternly, as she entered, "it appears that scandalous things are taking place in your convent. I am told that some of your nuns gab about the streets at night!"

"Oh, monseigneur, it is impossible!" ejaculated the abbess, clasping her hands and raising her eyes in horror.

"A true to talking," continued the archbishop. "I am here to see for myself, as is my duty, whether all is in order. Let every nun lock herself in her cell, and you, madame, set the example by withdrawing to your apartment. I will go the round of the cloister and see whether everybody responds to the roll call."

Every nun, from the abbess to the doorkeeper, looked herself in her cell. His lordship then fetched Rose, who was huddling in the carriage, and led her through the deserted corridors to her cell, where she noiselessly looked herself in. Then the archbishop went the round of the convent, knocking at every door.

No one knew for certain what became of the cavalier. He had unfortunately killed his adversary and had had to fly from love.

Some declare that he became a monk. Others assert that he was taken at Quiberon, and that when the republicans shot him he was found to be wearing a sash across his breast the white veil of a nun. Anyhow, he was never seen in Arles again.

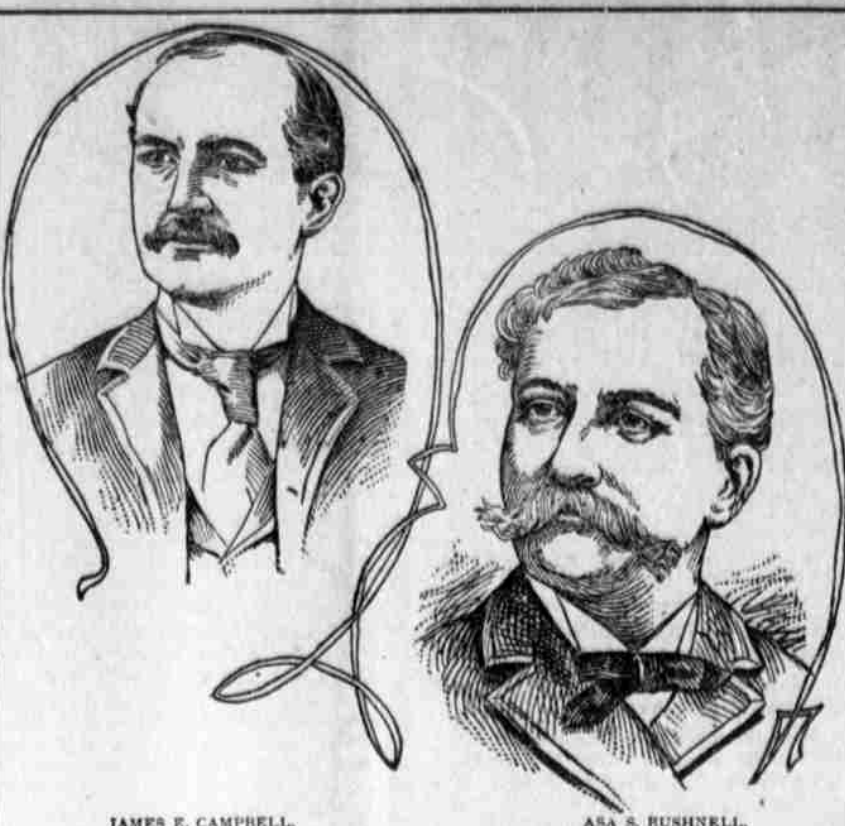
GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Command is anxiety; obedience, ease.—Paley.

Patience is the key of content.—Motham.

After victory strap the helmet tighter.—Japanese.

Opinion is a medium between knowledge and ignorance.—Plato.



JAMES E. CAMPBELL.

ASA S. BUSHNELL.

THE OHIO STATE CAMPAIGN.

The Ohio campaign is attracting considerable attention this year. James E. Campbell, the Democratic candidate for governor, was elected to that office in 1889 and beaten by McKinley in 1891. Asa S. Bushnell, the Republican candidate, is a wealthy manufacturer and a veteran of the war.

BY THE WAY

WHAT MATTER?

What matter though the dreary night
With darkness should obscure my way?
Thine eyes, my love, with sweet fires light
My life with never ending day.

What matter though the way be long?
What though its path be fraught with strife?
Thy loving cheer will make me strong
To do the toilsome toils of life.

What matter though with wearied brain
I watch the day die in the west?
Thy gentle touch dispels the pain
And soothes my aching brow to rest.

And so life's golden span appears
More golden as the days pass by.
For sweet, my love, the gliding years
But add new lustre to thine eyes.

And when our setting sun's last rays
Oh, then will heaven's love flames blaze
Forth from the love fire of thine eyes.
—George H. Conrad in Detroit Free Press.

THIS DATE IN HISTORY—SEPTEMBER 3.

519—St. Mani, first bishop of Connor, in Ireland, died.

1588—Richard Tarleton, most noted English comedian before Shakespeare's time and later to Queen Elizabeth, died.

1633—Sir Edward Coke, the famous English lawyer and defender of the people's rights, died; born 1552.

1688—The last of Oliver Cromwell's "fortunate days" on this date in 1658 he won the great victory of Dunbar and in 1651 he won the crowning mercy at Worcester, but died on this date in 1658; born 1599.

1728—Matthew Boulton, partner of James Watt and almost equally celebrated inventor, born at Birmingham; died 1806.

1732—New style in the calendar adopted in England and her colonies; 11 days added to all previous dates of that century.

1878—One of the most frightful river collisions on record took place on the Thames at London; the favorite river steamer, Princess Alice, carrying 700 or 800 excursionists, was run down and cut in two by a screw tug, with 700 persons drowned.

1881—General Ambrose Everett Burnside, commander of the Army of the Potomac at the battle of Fredericksburg, died; born in Indiana 1824.

1894—Josiah Parsons Cook, Harvard's great chemist, died at Newport, R. I.; born 1827.

Touts and Tipsters.

The lack of knowledge of horseflesh on the part of backers as a body is no less surprising than true, and it renders them an easy prey to blatant touts, who know little or nothing, but profess much. Some of the advertising tipsters go under several names and send different probable winners under their various cognomens whenever a race has an open appearance. Thus there is every probability that, under one or other of the aliases, a winner or two will be predicted pretty frequently.

One tipster at least trades under no fewer than five different names and addresses and always claims to have given winners under one or other of his names. His manner of working is simplicity itself. He sends his advertisements to the newspaper which he favors with his patronage, leaving a blank space after such words as "Gave yesterday"—such and such horses—and in the evening, at the close of the day's racing, he telegraphs as an addition to his advertisement the names of two or more winners which he claims to have given.—Westminster Review.

BRIGHT MEN IN NEED OF GUARDIANS.

Lawyers Who Can Do Business For Everybody But Themselves.

"It is a curious fact that some men can transact difficult business for others, yet are bound to fail when they try to do something for themselves," said a lawyer whose connection with important litigation has made his name familiar to newspaper readers.

"Lawyers are a good illustration. The practice of law has so changed that nowadays a lawyer, it would seem, must also be a good business man. When a lawyer steps into a case in which large interests are involved, he immediately takes charge of everything. Not a move of any kind is made without his approval, and often he originates. It is often hard to say whether his advice is pertaining wholly to law points or to matters strictly of business. The two are inseparable. Many of the big corporation deals that have been put through in Chicago have been, it might be said, conducted by the lawyers called in to advise. One would think with this kind of training that lawyers would certainly develop into skilled business men and financiers. As a matter of fact some lawyers and bright men, too, need guardians when they attempt to do business for themselves. I have known able men to sign personal contracts and accept terms that they wouldn't permit their clients to touch. I have known them to be bunked in schemes that they would certainly see through if their clients were involved. I am no exception. I have made a real estate deal for which, my youngest clerk could probably have foreseen, I was bound to possess my soul in regret. I would have been ashamed had I allowed a client to do it."—Chicago Tribune.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

Clara Shortridge Folts.

A New York exchange remarks: "Mrs. Clara Shortridge Folts of California, attorney and counselor at law, is now at the Waldorf. Mrs. Folts understands the art of dressing as well as she understands law. Her appearance is that of a striking society woman. She wears Paris gowns and silk petticoats and exceedingly feminine frills. She is exceedingly womanly in appearance."

"But if Mrs. Folts does not look like a woman lawyer she talks like one. When she speaks, one discovers the legal bent of her mind. She is decisive, quick, a bit dramatic, and probes every subject to the bottom."

"When she grew to be a big girl, she read Blackstone with as much interest as the ordinary young person would show in a love story. And this love of the law, combined with energy and hard work, has made Mrs. Folts the successful lawyer that she is."

"Though she is a remarkably young looking woman, she is the mother of five children. On Sept. 5, 1879, she was admitted to the bar of the district court of California and a few months later to the supreme court. In 1890 she was admitted to the bar of the supreme court of the United States."

"Mrs. Folts has a very large general practice. She has confined herself to the civil branches of the law. Her victory in the Hastings college case is famous, and it was through her efforts that the college was opened to women law students."

"She believes that all women should have at least some knowledge of law, particularly of the statutes of the state and the ordinances of the city in which they live. She declares that women reason as clearly as men do and that the all around woman of today is not swayed by her feelings any more than is the average man. A woman to be a successful lawyer must have a thorough education, a clear head, quiet nerves and a natural love of the work."

To Lighten Sunday's Work.

Mrs. Rorer has lately furnished to housewives some menus for cold dinners that are ideal, say for a Sunday when the thermometer is above 90. Many of the dishes can be prepared one day and leave very little cooking for the next. These models will, I hope, suggest other combinations as good to the housekeeper who wishes to lighten the summer burden of life for herself or for those who prepare her dinners. Could anything be more appetizing than a cold roast mutton from sour cherries, cold roast mutton with chile sauce, sliced tomatoes, salad of string beans, wafers with cheese and an old fashioned rice pudding? A second menu as attractive consists of rice and tomato soup, cold boiled chicken in a pie, jelly, tomatoes and cucumbers on lettuce, cream cheese with wafers and fruit.

But these menus, you will perhaps say, are luncheons, and no food for a hungry man, yet they are nutritious, light, cooling and easily digested. Cold deviled fish, left from the boiled or roast fish of the previous day, easily prepared for a fish course; potato salad, creamy, cold and well seated in a bed of crisp lettuce leaves; calf's liver made into a mock pate de foie gras, cold roasts garnished with parsley or nasturtium blossoms and leaves, cold vegetable salads, veal loaf and tongue are all good dishes for cold dinners in summer.

If cold meat will not be tolerated for dinner, have a chafing dish, in which it can be warmed in many attractive ways. Cold vegetables, such as asparagus, peas or string beans, can be used for the next day's salad. Fruits, cold puddings and ices may be used for the dessert, and a dozen ways of simplifying life without making it less attractive, but rather adding to its delight, will soon occur to the diligent student of cooler and less laborious living.

The Unknowable.

"This hash," complained the cheerful idiot, "is simply awful, Maud Edith—simply awful!"

"Oh, dry up," pleasantly retorted the waiter girl. "You don't know anything about hash anyway."

"Neither does any one else," replied the idiot.—Indianapolis Journal.

Rough on the Old Man.

Father (who has been helping a son in his school work)—What did the teacher remark when you showed him the translation?

Johnny—He said I was getting more stupid every day.—Tribune.

CARE OF A PIANO.

How the Instrument May Be Kept in Good Order at Little Cost.

A musical instrument may be regarded in the light of an exotic, costly and requiring constant and careful attention.

It is also like a race horse. The better its treatment the more it responds to the hand, and even in the evening of its old age is a thing of beauty with a past record of great things accomplished.

Frequently, alas, though, a costly and beautiful piano grows worthless and tuneless because it is neglected. Like a race horse, it needs to be kept covered after use. In frosty weather especially always close it when not in use, and if possible throw a cover over it. Keep in a moderately warm room not too near the source of heat and let the temperature be even, not cold one day and hot the next, but warm in the time, say 60 or 70 degrees the year around.

Always place the piano against an inside wall and a little out from it.

Shun the itinerant tuner who comes unrecommended and of whom you have no previous knowledge. As soon intrust your own lute to a quack as your delicate high strung instrument to an ignoramus who had much better be shoeing horses or sawing wood than meddling with pianos.

Do not allow children to drum on it. True, Professor Banghard may expend a like amount of strength upon its keyboard—I doubt if it thoroughly enjoys either treatment. But if the right keys are struck it will not affect it nor you so seriously as where children amuse themselves and wreck the Christian tempers of all listeners but those of their fond mamma by their distracting sounds.

Resolutely avoid littering the tops with bric-a-brac, for it unquestionably affects the tone.

A well known maker recommends frequent wiping off of the case with a chamomile skin wrung out of tepid water, and where the case is very highly polished and dark this is not only necessary, but productive of good results, and little else will answer to remove the dust that settles resolutely in the rightly named fretwork.

But if you are afraid to try this and you want to remove finger marks and blue mold take salad oil and vinegar—two tablespoonfuls of oil to one of vinegar—and rub on a very little of this mixture with a soft rag, and with vast perseverance, mighty muscle and a soft woolen rag rub until your arm threatens to drop from the socket, then survey your work with a critic's eye, and you will doubtless pronounce the result good.—Exchange.

Strange Oversight.

It was only with great difficulty that Aunt Serena Clapp's nephew persuaded her to have her portrait painted, but when the old lady at last gave her consent she was as interested and patient a sitter as any artist could wish.

"You make it a good likeness now, won't you?" she said to the painter many times. "My nephew Thomas, he won't care a mite how homely 'tis, as long as it's like me. I favor my father's folks, and they weren't a handsome lot, though they were all real good people. You make it just like me, an never mind if it ain't pretty to look at."

"I suppose you've noticed my nose ain't set straight?" she said anxiously one day. "It bothers to the left as it gits down toward the p'int. I presume to say you've took notice of it long before this time, but I thought 'twouldn't do any harm to jest speak of it."

When the portrait was finished, Miss Clapp's nephew was much pleased with it. The old lady's homely, placid face looked at him from the canvas with its wonted smile. Altogether he regarded it as an excellent likeness. But Aunt Serena herself seemed a little disappointed about something.

"I wouldn't say anything about it before that young man," she remarked sorrowfully to her nephew, "but I did think when I've set to him so many times he wouldn't have made such a mistake in that picture."

"Why, what's wrong?" asked Thomas in surprise.

"Why, Thomas Clapp," exclaimed Aunt Serena in a reproachful tone, "do you mean to tell me you didn't take notice that he'd painted ten buttons down the front of my waist when there's only nine? Well, well, men folks are queer! An here I was thinkin' the picture wouldn't look natural to you when nine buttons has always been my pattern, an there you never knew it!"—Youth's Companion.

The Fox Chase.

Mr. John Williams is the "boss fiddler" of our community. When once the fox hunter hears him play the "Fox Chase," he goes right home and kills his dog. While John is tuning his fiddle and "roasting" his bow he outlines the fox race—that he will jump the fox near the tableland on the top of Oak mountain, and in the center of this tableland there is a high knoll that they may see around them for half a mile, and you will have full view with the mind's eye; the dogs will jump the fox and will circle around three times, then strike a due north course to Pine mountain, seven miles away, until the yelp of the hounds is almost lost to the ear. Suddenly the fox turns and comes straight back, and the yelps become plainer and louder; the hunters in the meantime must keep their place on the knoll, for the fox is coming right toward them. Now the fox is coming; the yelps of a dozen hounds are heard. On they come—faster and faster—here they come, right through the crowd, under their feet—the whoops and yells are answered by the spectators, and the noise by the fiddle and dogs and hunters is equal to the storm around Cape Morn. The fox is caught.—Talbot New Era.

An Average.

For five minutes the questions were answered clearly, promptly and correctly. Finally Tommy White, the colored boy, was called.

"Now, Tommy," began Miss Smart, smiling benignly, "what is an average?"

"Something you hit," was the ready answer.

The teacher was surprised, but she succeeded in stuttering, "Wh—what did you say?"

"Why, it's something you hit."

"Nonsense, Tommy. What gave you that idea?"

"You, yourself."

"Yes, you. I heard you tell the master yesterday that you'd been striking an average, and I wondered if you were talking about baseball or a prize fight."—Boston Budget.

"Never less alone than when alone" has been traced from one author to another, and many claims have been made to its first employment. No earlier use can be found of it, however, than by Cicero.

Kohlnoor gas, supposed to be a very superior kind, was patented in London in 1881.

BIG TERM FOR FRAKER

The Insurance Swindler Will Be Severely Punished.

HIS HEIRS ARE TO BE SUED.

The Insurance Companies Will Endeavor to Recover the \$58,000 Paid Them. Witnesses Will Be Charged With Perjury—The Doctor's Arrest.

KANSAS CITY, Sept. 3.—Attorneys for the insurance companies interested have drawn up the information that will be lodged against Dr. Fraker, the insurance swindler arrested near Duluth, when he reaches here tomorrow morning. He will be arrested under special section 3826 of the revised statutes of Missouri, which makes it a crime to attempt to defraud by a trick, a cheat, a fraud and deception, false and fraudulent representations and false pretenses. The penalty is seven years in the penitentiary on each count, and Mr. Fraker says that there will be five counts in the indictments which will be brought against Fraker.

Dr. Fraker when he reaches here will be taken direct to Ray county and lodged in jail there, and it is in the criminal court of that county that he will be prosecuted. Mr. Fraker said that he was prosecuted by James Triplett and George Harvey, who swore they saw Mr. Fraker drown, will be arrested on the charge of perjury. Suit will be begun at once against the heirs to recover the insurance money paid them.

A Duluth special says: George Fraker of Topeka, Kan., the man who was supposed to have been drowned in the Missouri river two years ago, has been captured in the woods, near Tower, Minn. Fraker's life was insured for \$58,000, and the heirs brought suit in the Kansas courts to recover. The case went to the supreme court, and was one of the most famous in annals of this country. The insurance companies were defeated in the final decision, it being recorded last month. It was always maintained by the companies that Fraker was alive, but his whereabouts were unknown. Recently it became known in some way that Fraker was near Tower, where he was known under the alias of Sohnel. Attorney Robert T. Harris and Deputy Sheriff Wilkinson of Topeka, came here and organized a party to search for him. Fraker was found in the woods and his capture was effected in a strategic manner. He was brought to Duluth and was taken to Topeka on October 1.

Fraker will go without a requisition. He has been living near Tower for six months. He admitted his identity and said he did not leave home on purpose to defraud the companies, but that while he was near the Missouri river he fell in. He swam across the river and got on land. The next day he read in the papers that he had been drowned, and concluded to carry out the deception and allow his heirs to collect the insurance.

DIED FOR HIS HORSES.

A West Virginian Perishes in Trying to Save His Team and Wagon.

PARKERSBURG, W. Va., Sept. 3.—Elisha Bowman, whose home was in Preston county, near Eggon, has met a horrible death. He was hauling tanbark from the woods. The woods were on fire, and the horses took fright and became unmanageable. They rushed towards the blaze, and the wagon caught fire.

Bowman, in trying to save his team and wagon, had his clothes burnt from his body, and his body badly burned. The horses and wagon were destroyed. In his terrible condition Bowman succeeded in reaching a house, but died after 12 hours of great agony.

A Nasty Scene in France.

BAYONNE, Sept. 3.—Serious disturbances followed the police interference with bullfighting here, as mentioned in yesterday's dispatches. An angry mob assembled about the sub-prefecture, crying to the officials to resign, and attempting to force open the doors. A detachment of mounted police was summoned, which charged and dispersed the crowd. The mob reassembled in greater numbers and proceeded to the houses of the mayor and police officials, which they pelted with stones. Troops were called out to protect the officials.

New Work For Women.